

President McKinley Stricken Down By The Bullet Of An Assassin

BUFFALO, Sept. 6.—While President McKinley was receiving in the Temple of Music this afternoon he was approached by a man with a dark moustache and with one hand covered with a handkerchief. As the man extended his hand to the president, apparently with the intention of shaking hands with him, he fired a shot, which entered the president's right breast, lodging against the breast bone. Another shot was fired at once, which entered the president's abdomen. The assailant was immediately arrested and was thrown to the ground, and quick as a flash twenty men were upon him. When rescued he was covered with blood from a gash in his face.

Cries of lynching were heard on every hand, but the police managed to get the man out of the grounds and locked him up in a station house a short distance from the grounds. Later he was removed to the police headquarters.

Detective Geary was near the president, and he fell into his arms.

"Am I shot?" asked the president.

The officer opened the president's vest and, seeing the blood, replied:

"Yes, I am afraid you are, Mr. President."

The president was at once taken to the emergency hospital, where a bullet which had lodged against the breast bone was removed. Later the president was reported as resting easily.

The prisoner declared that he is Fred Nieman of Detroit. His true name afterward was ascertained to be Leon Czolgosz. When arrested he was asked why he had shot the president, and replied:

"I am an anarchist and have done my duty."

The president's physician issued the following bulletin at 1 o'clock Saturday morning:

"The president is free from pain and resting well. Temperature, 100.2; pulse, 120; respiration, 24."

At 3 a. m. the following bulletin was issued: "The president continues to rest well. Temperature, 101.6; pulse, 110; respiration, 24."

Dark Deed of Anarchist That Has Cast This Nation Into Grief.

Day of Rejoicing and Good Cheer at Buffalo
Turned Into Mourning and Despair--Shot
Fired While People Were Paying Their
Respects to Chief Executive.

BUFFALO, N. Y., SEPT. 6.—Just a brief twenty-four hours ago the newspapers of the city blazoned forth in all the pomp in headline type: "The Proudest Day in Buffalo's History."

Tonight, in sackcloth and ashes, in sombre type, surrounded by gruesome borders of black, the same newspapers are telling in funeral tones to a horrified populace the deplorable details of "the blackest day in the history of Buffalo."

President McKinley, the idol of the American people, the nation's chief executive and the city's honored guest, lies prostrate, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullet of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance.

Out on Delaware avenue, at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American exposition, with tearful face, and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, sits the faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation.

It was a few moments after 4 p. m., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell.

Standing in the midst of crowds numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motly throng of people, showered with expressions of love and loyalty, besieged by multitudes, all eager to clasp his hands—amid these surroundings, and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an army of sight-seers ringing in his ears, the blow of the assassin came, and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury, and pandemonium followed.

Tonight a surging, swaying, eager multitude throngs the city's main thoroughfares, choking the streets in front of the principal newspapers, scanning the bulletins with anxious eyes and groaning or cheering in turn at each succeeding bulletin, as the nature of the message sinks or buoys their hopes.

ASSASSIN IN CITY PRISON.

Down at police headquarters, surrounded by stern-faced inquisitors of the law, is a medium-sized man of commonplace appearance, with his fixed gaze directed on the floor, who presses his lips firmly together and listens with an air of assumed indifference to the persistent stream of questions, arguments, objections and admonitions with which his captors seek to induce or compel him to talk.

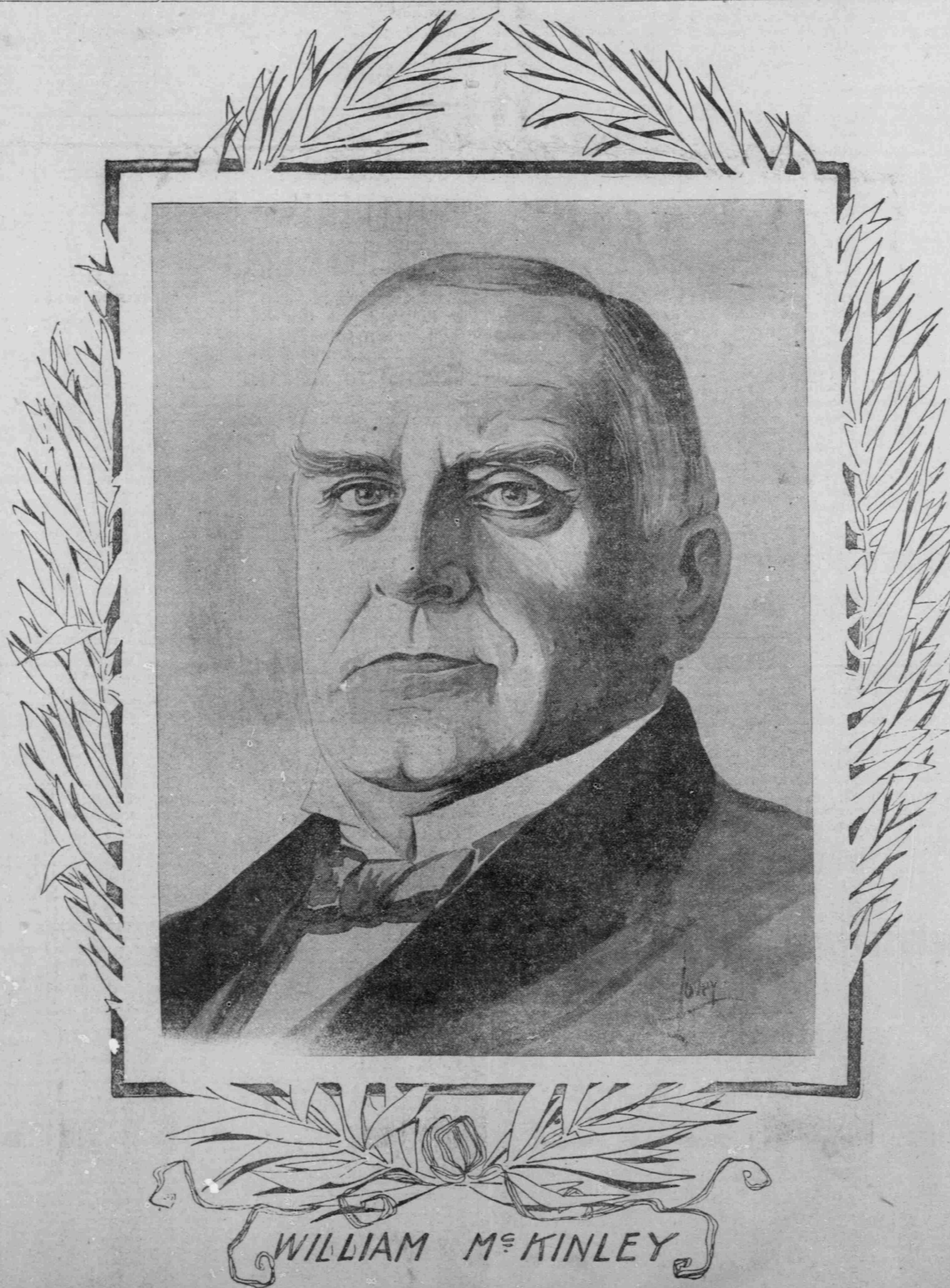
It was just after the daily organ recital in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made.

Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism is capable, the would-be assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the president survive, only to Divine Providence can be attributed that beneficent result.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives, was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood at the edge of the raised dais upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east side of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze upon their executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then file their way out through the good natured mob that every minute swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress to the building.

The president was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidence of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood John G. Milburn of Buffalo, president of the Pan-American exposition, chatting with the president and introducing him to persons of note who approached. Upon the president's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

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Vigilance of Police Saves Murderer From Fury Of the Crowd.

Name of the Anarchist is Leon Czolgosz and Has
Confessed that the Teachings of Emma
Goldman Induced Him to Commit
the Frightful Deed.

BUFFALO, N. Y., SEPT. 6.—While the wounded president was being borne from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence between rows of onlookers with bared heads, a far different spectacle was being witnessed along the route of his assailant's journey from the scene of his crime to police headquarters. The trip was made so quickly that the prisoner was safely landed within the wide portals of the police station and the doors closed before anyone was aware of his presence.

The news of the attempted assassination had in the meanwhile been spread broadcast by the newspapers. Like wildfire it spread from mouth to mouth. Then bulletins began to appear on the boards of the Newspaper Row, and when the announcement was made that the prisoner had been taken to police headquarters, only two blocks distant from the newspaper section, the crowds surged down toward the Terrace, eager for a glimpse of the prisoner.

At police headquarters they were met by a strong cordon of police, which was drawn up across the pavement on Pearl street, and admittance was denied to any but officials authorized to take part in the examination of the prisoner.

In a few minutes the crowd had grown from tens to hundreds, and these in turn quickly swelled to thousands, until the street was completely blocked with a mass of humanity.

It was at this juncture that someone raised the cry of "Lynch him!" Like a flash the cry was taken up, and the whole crowd, as if ignited by the single match thus applied, re-echoed the cry, "Lynch him!" "Hang him!"

Closer the crowd surged forward. Denser the throng became as new arrivals swelled each moment the swaying multitude. The situation was becoming critical, when suddenly the big doors were flung open and a squad of reserves advanced with solid front, drove the crowd back from the curb, then across the street, and gradually succeeded in dispersing them from about the entrance to the station.

Inside the station house were assembled District Attorney Penny, Superintendent of Police Bull, Captain Reagan of the First precinct and other officials. The prisoner at first proved quite communicative, so much so, in fact, that little dependence could be placed on what he said. He first gave his name as Fred Nieman, said his home was in Detroit, and that he had been in Buffalo about a week. He said he had been boarding at a place in Broadway.

WOULD-BE MURDERER MAKES CONFESSION.

Later this place was located as John Nowak's saloon, a Raines law hotel, 1078 Broadway. Here the prisoner occupied room No. 8. Nowak, the proprietor, said he knew very little about his guest. He came there, he declared, last Saturday, saying that he had come to see the Pan-American exposition, and that his home was in Toledo. He had been alone at all times about Nowak's place and had had no visitors.

In his room was found a small traveling bag of cheap make. It contained an empty cartridge box and a few clothes. With these facts in hand the police went at the prisoner with renewed vigor in the effort to obtain either a full confession or a straight account of his identity and movements prior to his arrival in Buffalo.

He at first admitted that he was an anarchist, in sympathy at least, but denied strenuously the attempt on the president was the result of a concerted plot on the part of any anarchist society. At times he was defiant and again indifferent. But at no time did he betray the remotest shadow of remorse.

He declared the deed was not premeditated, but in the end he refused to say why he perpetrated it. When charged by District Attorney Penny with being the instrument of an organized band of anarchists, he again refused to say.

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